The Day is Past and Gone

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The day is past and gone
The evening shade appears
Oh, may we all remember well
The night of death draws near

We'll lay our garments by
And on our beds we rest
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what we here posess

Lord, keep us safe this night
Secure from all our fears
May angels guard us while we sleep
Till morning light appears

And when the early light
In view they onwards home (?)
May we press on to reach thee, Christ
And after glory run

And when our days are past
And we from time remove
Oh, may we in thy bosom rest
Thy bosom of thy love

From Beech Mountain, North Carolina on Folk-Legacy Records.
JN

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